

THE HOMESTEAD FIGHT.

DETAILS OF THE DEADLY RIOT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Peaceful Scenes Transformed Into Carnage Spots.—One of the Most Desperate Battles in the History of Riots—Bullets, Oil and Dynamite.

Beginning of the Trouble.

Homestead, Pa. Correspondence.
But a few weeks ago and Homestead was the scene of busy industry, of happiness and prosperity. The ponderous machinery of the great steel plant of Andrew Carnegie—the life of the village—shook the very earth, and scattered through the works were nearly 4,000 men, brawny of arm and stout of heart, toiling in the heat of hundreds of furnaces for the support of themselves and families. Quiet reigned in the streets. Laughter rolled from the cozy homes of the workmen, where joyous children sported and wives and daughters contentedly went through their domestic duties. Almost pastoral peace sat on the bare hillsides of the south side that looked down upon the industrial scene below, and on the sylvan hill to the north that lay reflected on the shining waters of the Monongahela. Then a cloud appeared in the horizon.



THE CHIEF CANNONER.

Small at first, it gradually grew larger and darker, and then burst. The Carnegie Steel Company, limited, with a capital of \$25,000,000, could not, they said, afford to pay the wages to their employees in Homestead which the latter had been receiving since the middle of 1893. Conferences were held between committees of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, to which the Carnegie Homestead employees belonged, and the company, but no satisfactory basis of wages could be determined on, and H. C. Frick, President of the combined Carnegie interests, put an end to all conferences and locked out the employees, declaring that henceforth they would have no dealings with the men's organization and employ on non-union men. Comparative quiet followed for a few days. The locked-out employees divided themselves into watches and patrolled the village and vicinity to prevent the entrance of strangers who might take their places in the works. They were well conducted, sober, determined, and united.

Sheriff McCleary, of Allegheny County, on application of H. C. Frick, went to Homestead to make preparations for the guarding of the works. The steel workers were not damaging property. They were not on the company's ground and did not seek to scale the eleven-foot wooden palisade, surrounded by three strands of barbed wire, which the company had erected for their exclusion. They asserted the company's property was not in danger and offered if it were to garrison it with 500 of the best citizens of Homestead, pledging heavy bonds for the faithful performance of duties. Nevertheless eleven deputies were sent to Homestead. They were met by a crowd of steel workers and were promptly sent back



THE PINKERTON'S WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER.

to Pittsburgh.
This was the first cloud that spread itself over peaceful, industrial Homestead. Dark though it was, it merely precluded another cloud of different hue—the nimbus of war. Early on that Wednesday morning the latter first dashed in the sky, when 300 Pinkerton men were sent from Pittsburgh by the Carnegie Company to their Homestead works. Dravault were the results, and before the night fell the bank and waters of the Monongahela were crimson-stained, the noisques of the village were crowded with dead, private homes were choked with the wounded, the barges of the Carnegie "deputies" on the river were riddled with shot and shell, the decks were strewn with dead and dying, while the country stood amazed.

Escalating to Battle.

Never in the bloody history of wars in the State, except during the great railroad war of 1877, has there been such carnage and such a battle as attended the coming of the Pinkerton men to Homestead. In the gray of early dawn two barges, towed by the steamboats Little Bill and the Tide, were discovered by scouts of steel workers bearing down on the placid waters of the Monongahela on Homestead. Horsemen spread the tidings through the village, and the steam whistle of the electric light works shrieked out a general alarm. It was the signal for battle—a battle remarkable for the means employed in the human slaughter and for the cool determination of the combatants.

There was no method of leadership apparent in the response to the blast from the light works. It was the up-

rising of a population. In every house along the steep side street running up from the river bank lights gleamed before the great blast was ended, and before its echoes died men were stumbling out of the doorways into the light of the

writhing on the landing with a bullet through his body. The other shot flashed from among the crowd on the bank, and the Pinkerton captain fell back into the arms of his men. Then the slouched hats behind the bulwarks of the barges



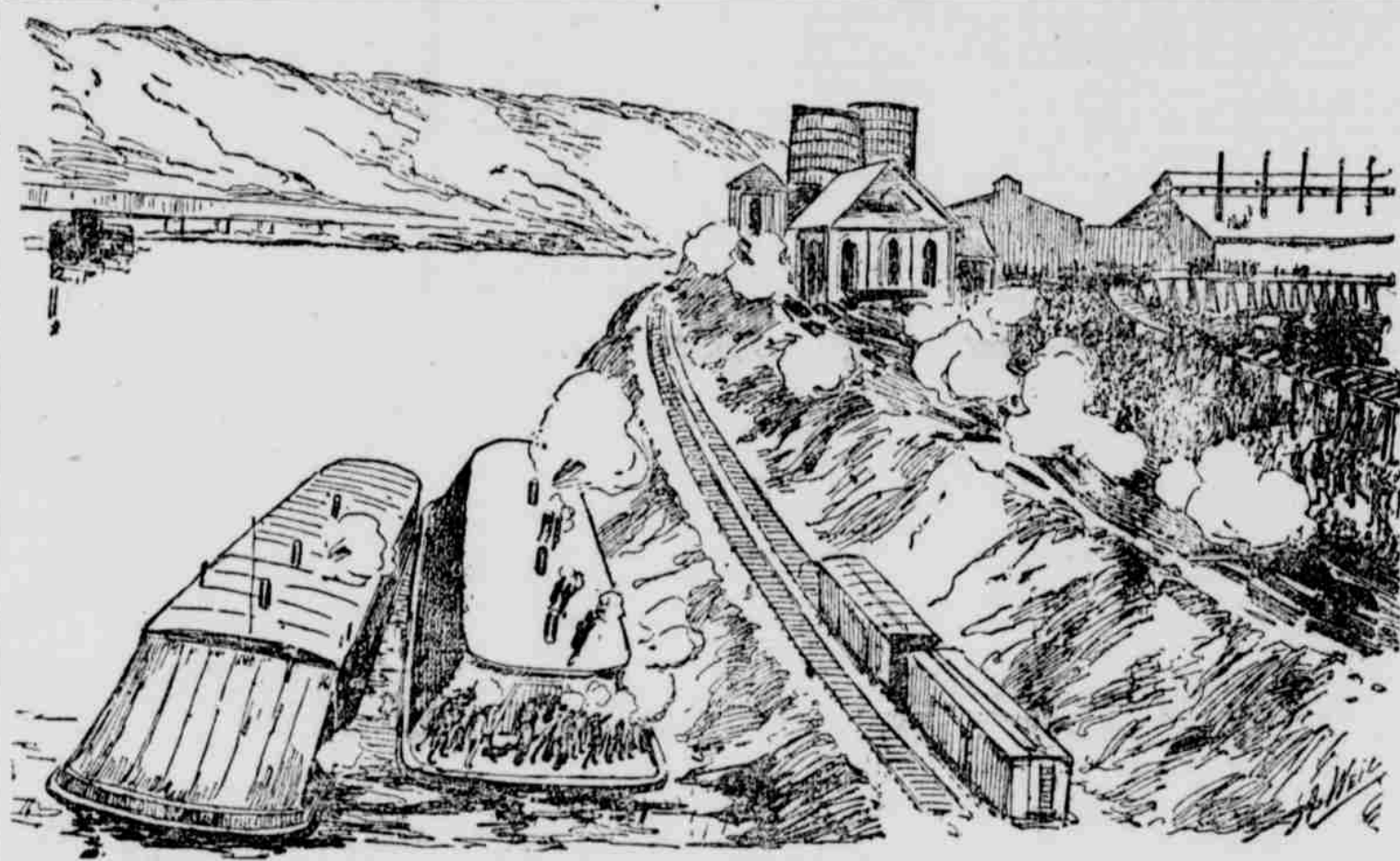
TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE STEEL WORKS.

morn and the noisy flare of the natural gas street lamps. Not men alone came, but women, too; women armed with clubs as they joined the throng which streamed up the Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh and McKeesport tracks, picking its way with a fine footedness born of long practice over the ties.

The members of the disbanded Advisory Board were present, urging their fellows to maintain coolness and avoid bloodshed. As the crowds neared the palisade erected by the Carnegie Company in the fatuous belief that it would keep out the mob when its blood was up, it split in half. Those who were of peaceful intent followed the railroad track up through the works, feeling their way in the dark over the ties of a high trestle. Those who meant business made for the river bank, where the barges would land. Scarcely was the first slap of the Little Bill's stern paddle wheel heard down the dark river when the white board fence went down. Into the yard, stumbling over ingots and billets, swarming about cupolas and ringing loud defiance with their clubs and their heels against the armor plates meant for the country's defense, now the bone of bloody contention among countrymen, went the mob, wild with warlike delight over their easy victory.

took a hand. A row of rifles gleamed an instant from the side of the shoreward vessel, and in an instant more a sheet of flame ran all along her clumsy bulk from stem to stern. Bad marksmanship saved a hundred lives. The volley, which one would have supposed would have broken the backbone of the riot and blown the hopes of the mob to hold the mill out of their very existence, only dropped two men. One was Andrew Souler, the other an unknown Hun. On both sides there was a heavy firing for several minutes, but the advantage enjoyed by the repeating Winchester rifles of the Pinkertons was too much for the men. For a moment the crowd came panic-stricken and it broke and fled up the steep embankment to cover. There it rallied. The Pinkerton men, discouraged at the loss of their captain and disheartened at the formidable force they had to meet, remained for the time inactive in their boats.

The first battle had been fought and the Pinkerton guards were worsted. Their captain had received a severe wound and several Pinkertons were wounded. On the steel workers' side there were four fatalities and half a score of injured. John Morris, a young mill worker, who was in the pumping house, received two bullets in the head



SCENE OF THE HOMESTEAD BATTLE.

They assumed a position along the river front and awaited the advancing barges in silence.

The Fight.

Slowly the barges approached the landing and then the silence was broken by jeers and hoots. Then, in the dark, angry mass of men which lined the banks beneath the pump house were little glints of light, which showed that a hundred hands had been in a hundred hip pockets and came out with six-chambered revolvers full of death in each. Still no movement was made as the deck hands tied the steamer up to the little landing. The crowd was waiting for the Pinkertons, the time of whose slouch hats they could see now and then on the bulwarks of the barges. Down went the gangplank, and then at its further end appeared the figure of a man whose blue uniform and badge could be made out in the gray light of 5 o'clock of a July morning.

Toward him, to the other end of the gangplank, resolutely marched Billy Fox, a Salvation Army leader, followed by half a dozen others. Fox was unarmed. He had not come to fight. He had come as a peacemaker. He was there to prevent bloodshed, but not through cowardice. His bravery proved itself when he placed himself before the Pinkertons and stretching out his arms implored them not to attempt to

and fell forty feet to the bottom of a pit. The steel workers were now in for a bloody war and the inactivity of the Pinkertons gave them time for effective generalship. Homestead was secured for arms, and firearms of every kind were impressed into service. A small brass cannon belonging to the local Grand Army post was secured and was ferried across the river where it was mounted near the trestle work of the Pittsburgh, McKeesport & Youghiogheny Railroad. From this position it sent slugs into the sides of the Tennessee, one of the two barges upon which the Pinkertons were entrenched. The Monongahela was the name of the second barge. While the men were making these preparations for further resistance the Pinkerton men had put their crippled captain and the wounded men on board the Little Bill for Braddock.

The Fight Renewed.

At 8 o'clock there was a show of movement on the barges. The Pinkerton guard who had succeeded the badly wounded captain came to the gangplank and called some of the steel workers to him. Once more the intention of the Pinkertons to effect a landing was stated, and again was the announcement received with jeers and derision. Scarcely had he re-entered the barge when another shot was fired from the land side and swift from the barges

boom, boom, boom of a cannon was heard over the roar of the smaller arms. The brass instrument had begun to speak, and its slugs chafed the water around the barges into foam or embedded themselves in the sides of the vessels. One of its deadly missiles came with a hissing roar across the barges and turned into a bleeding lifeless mass of flesh one of the strikers' own men. From out a porthole in the side of the Monongahela came a flash and a bullet cut into the throat of one of the workmen in the yard and he fell lifeless in the dust. The storm of bullets which swept down upon the barges almost silenced their fire by 10:30, and from that time what had been a battle became a determined, ferocious effort on the part of the mob to drown, burn, shoot or in any way slaughter the helpless huddled crowd in the boats. One way of escape alone was left them, for it was now only a question of escape. The towboat Little Bill was on her way down from Braddock, having left her freight of dead and dying behind her. If she could make the landing she could take them into Pittsburgh in safety.

It was 11 o'clock when the big stern paddle wheel of the towboat came flapping down by the Carrie blast furnace. Capt. Charles Wishart, an old river man, was in the pilot house. He saw the puffs of smoke on the banks, heard the crack of musket and rifle and mimic thunder of the double-barreled shot-guns and the bullets rattling from the sides of the barges, and saw the water whipped into foam about them. Nevertheless he headed toward the bank to the rescue of the trapped Pinkertons. A sharpshooter drew a bead from the Pittsburgh and McKeesport bridge on Capt. Wishart. There was a puff of smoke from behind a pillar and the captain's face disappeared from the wheel-house window. He fell wounded on the floor of the pilot house, and his boat, without a steersman, was drifting helplessly down the stream, swaying from side to side with the current, amid the fiercest storm of balls which had yet whipped the river.

Meantime the brass cannon had been taken from the north to the south side of the river, where it was mounted in the gas house and brought to bear upon the prow of the two barges. A second cannon was secured in Braddock and with its mate poured slugs into the vessels.

Burning Oil and Dynamite.

When the workmen saw they could not oust the Pinkertons by shot or shell they tried to burn them out. A fat car

age upon the barge. Other sticks of dynamite were thrown in rapid succession, and holes were gradually formed in the roof of the Monongahela and in its sides. While the dynamite bombardment was going on the bombardment by shot and shell kept time with it. Men ran through yards, counseling, advising, planning, while others were at work with dynamite, powder, shot and ball. President William Welhe, of the Amalgamated Association, and others belonging to the organization, arrived from Pittsburgh and called a mass meeting of the steel workers in one of the company's buildings. They deprecated further violence and their words produced effect, for when the Pinkertons again put up the white flag of truce it was received with cheers, although some of the more hot-headed still cried for blood. Several of the leaders, including Hugh O'Donnell, a leading member of the



HUGH O'DONNELL, LEADER OF WORKMEN.

Amalgamation in Homestead, went to the landing and conferred with the Pinkertons. The latter only asked to be allowed to leave the boats with their lives, leaving after them their arms and ammunition. This was readily conceded, and the battle on the banks of the placid Monongahela was ended.

Running the Gauntlet.

After the capitulation of the Pinkertons excitement ran high when the news spread that the deputies would be taken ashore. A crowd of steel workers rushed upon the boats and in a twinkling the cabins were filled. The Pinkerton guards shook like aspen leaves. They huddled in groups in the corners and waited for death. They were jostled about, kicked and cuffed and sworn at, but their lives were spared, although rougher treatment was in store for them at the hands of the main army of the mob still left on the river bank.

Broken windows and doors and bedding, with which the boats were well stocked for a siege, were thrown overboard, and about thirty rifles were confiscated by the steel workers. The rest of the arms and ammunition were taken charge of in the name of the Amalgamated Association. Then the march of the prisoners to the shore and through the quarter of a mile of mill-yard to Munnah station of the Pittsburgh, Virginia and Charleston Railroad was begun. The Pinkerton men were brought ashore singly and in couples. They walked unmoiled down the gangplank and up the bank.

At the top of the bank they found themselves in a narrow passageway between two huge piles of rusty pig-iron. When they emerged it was to enter a lane formed by two long lines of infuriated people who did not act like human beings—people who had not been brave enough to do battle when there was danger, but who were cowardly enough to maltreat the Pinkertons when they were prisoners and disarmed. The cooler-headed men tried to protect their prisoners, but were not wholly successful. The people composing this mob were men and women who were frenzied by the long day of fighting and bloodshed. Their own relatives and comrades had been shot down, and they thirsted for revenge. They had no thought for the rules of modern warfare. Surrender did not end all with them, and as the Pinkerton men, every one with a satchel in hand, came in view they jumped upon them like a pack of wolves. The men screamed for mercy. They were beaten over the head with clubs and the butt ends of rifles. You could almost hear the skulls crack. They were kicked, knocked down and jump d upon. Their clothes were torn from their backs, and when they finally crawled it was with faces of ash and ainess and with the blood in streams rushing down the backs of their heads soaking their clothes. It ran in rivulets down their faces, which in the melee they had covered with their hands.

Women, too, were in the mix, and they piled clubs and stones as vigorously as did the men. They made more noise, for they were continuously hoarse. They urged the mob on, urging the men on in their terrible work. The only guards that were not assaulted were those wounded, and they were greeted with howls and cries that must have made them pray for death.

Arriving at the outer gate the Pinkerton men were compelled to run another gauntlet. Women and children and small boys with rifles on their shoulders formed the major portion of the crowd which gave the Pinkerton men the parting salute.

At the end of the lane the Pinkerton guards were met by a score of men, all armed with rifles. This little escort headed the procession for the Opera House, where the main body of the prisoners were held for safe keeping preparatory to the arrival of the Sheriff. When the last Pinkerton had left the barge the mob cried, "Burn the boats!" The suggestion was a taking one, and they waited long enough to unload several boxes of Winchester rifles and ammunition, and then, satisfied that they had all the arms, the torch was applied to the lion Mountain and the Monongahela simultaneously. Aided by oil and fed by the dry wood of the inside, it was not long until the flames were leaping far above the high river bank, and the mob was driven back by the intense heat.

Nero could not have been more happy when he saw Rome in flames than were those infuriated steel workers when they beheld the fire destroying the barges, which only a short time before sheltered their deadly foes.

England's Climate.

The lowest temperature ever registered by the thermometer in England was at Kelsa in 1879, when the mercury fell to 16 below zero.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worth of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Peter and John Before the Council.
The lesson for Sunday, July 31, may be found in Acts 4: 5-18.

INTRODUCTION.

We comment upon the whole story, beginning with the first verse of the chapter. We have presented to us here, as frequently in the account of the apostolic days, the boldness of the early disciples. Peter's speech before the council is a marvelous instance of this. From a few words, he sets for us an example in the effective delivery of the gospel message. The secret of this able reclamation of the truth lies in two main things: 1. Utmost faith in the word of God. 2. Utmost loyalty to the Spirit of God.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

As they spoke, Or, were talking. Of familiar discourse. It was not so much a preaching service as an inquiry meeting. —Came upon them. With an added import of suddenness. The same word used of the angel of Bethlehem. (Lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them.) Being grieved, or brought upon. The word means to be worked, or worn out. Bible Union: Indignant.—Taught the people. Which they supposed to be their own prerogative.—through Jesus, Greek: In Jesus himself. Jesus himself was the resurrection of the dead power, a particularly offensive doctrine to the Sadducees.

Laid hands upon. Signifying violent treatment. At Mark 13: 14 it is rendered beat into ("he was beat into the ship"). —It was now evening. The circumstance of the healing had occurred at about 3 p. m.; probably three hours had been consumed in the witness they had just been making.

Heard the word. During the afternoon, from three to six.—Five thousand. Or, became five thousand. As remarkable a miracle as was Pentecost. (The word, Verily, here is poor. The verb, were gathered together, should either have been incorporated at the first or the fifth and sixth verses should have been thrown together.—apostle rulers and elders and scribes. Doubtless a called meeting.)

Were gathered together. Or, were convened, as of a formal assembly. From the word used here comes synagogue (sun, together, ago, to lead).

Set them in the midst, i. e., on the prisoner's stand.—They asked. A legal term, signifying to make judicial inquiry; rendered inquire at a law court. Literally, By what power. Or, in what power. —Have you done this. Changing to direct discourse.

Filled with the Holy Ghost. Endued for defense as well as for aggression.—Ye rulers. The Holy Spirit speaks courteously.

Ye examined. Or, judged, put on trial. —Of the good deed. Compelled to apologize for kindness.—The fearlessness of the Spirit.—Whom God raised. Rebuking man's wickedness.

Set at naught. Lexicon, to reject with contempt. The adjective of the word means abject, contemptible.—Head of the corner. Or, corner-stone, foundation-stone. 1 Peter 2: 7; Isa. 28: 16.

Neither is there salvation in any other. Referring back to v. 12, made whole in v. 9, the same word.—We must be strong as if it could be stated, the necessity of the atonement.

Boldness, or freedom, i. e., readiness and confidence in speech, as well as in action. Related conference at Heb. 13: 35 (cast not away, therefore, your confidence or liberty). —Perceived. A different word from saw, which means immediate perception; this is the fruit of seeing, not seeing. In Hebrew, literally, uncolored, i. e., not from the schools.—Ignorant. A peculiar word. Idiot, from which our idiot. The word, however, originally meant one in private life, without special learning or gift. There is no reference to soundness of mind, but only to professional attainment.

They took knowledge of them, or they recognized them, i. e., they observed in addition not as a punishment, but as a commendation to their mind as it does to us that they were the men whom they used to see with Jesus in the flesh. The verb is in the imperfect tense, of frequentative action. —Rebidding. Still another word for seeing. The fourth now in succession, viz., saw, perceived, took knowledge, beholding.—They could say nothing against it. Better, they had nothing to say, viz., in self-justification, in rebuttal. "The word it is not in the Greek."

Go aside. It was better to have such strong witness against themselves out of sight. They conferred among themselves. Greek, threw together, or as we should say, put their heads together.

A notable miracle. Literally, a known miracle. Rams word used in v. 10. (He it knoweth). We cannot deny it, or not able to rebut it, i. e., to say no to it.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

If we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man. Put on trial for doing good. So stands the church of Jesus Christ to-day, the true church of Christ. Our apology is the simple acknowledgment of our offending. The world hates the cross. But what does the cross mean?—the tenderest self-giving the world ever saw, the greatest deed of kindness and mercy in the history of man. It is for this we are on trial, for seeking to do good, in the name of the Divine Master; seeking to save. Very well, if the preaching of the cross to the Greek foolishness, let us I continue to be guilty of such folly to the end. It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

This is the stone. Not Peter. The apostle Peter stands up, pointing away from himself to Christ, distinctly says: This is the stone. —neither is there salvation in any other. I stepped into a Catholic church the other day and heard a sermon on Peter's leadership. He said, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock." I wish that priest with his scant honor for the Christ and his profuse homage for Peter would peruse this commentary from Peter's own lips. "Thou art the Christ," he says, "and I am, and another me, this is the stone." The Christ and the stone are one. He who like Peter makes the good confession is planting himself on the rock and partaking of its everlasting glory.

And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it. There is no rejoinder to the miracle, for it is a saved life. Do you wish to stop the mouth of the caviling world? Healed men will do it. If the preacher has standing beside him a company of people with changed lives, he is sure to have the last word in his mind. They have nothing to say in answer to the redeemed soul. After all it is not more orthodox sermons we need, but more orthodox lives to stand with the sermon.

Next Lesson.—"The Apostles' Confidence in God." Acts 4: 19-31.

Miss JESSIE HALL, formerly a chorus girl with "The Brass Monkey," has used the proprietor of the "Paige Composer" for damaged affections. She does not itemize, but bulks the bill at \$950,000. Her heart evidently forces a large circulation.

We wonder that men don't oftener make the investment of praising a woman's cooking. Nothing pleases her more, and it has the additional good effect of stimulating her to still better efforts.